

PEOPLE & THINGS

By ATTICUS

KHUSHCHEV led the Russian delegation to Belgrade, but in Geneva Marshal Bulganin will be the leader. Today less than ever does one know how power is distributed in the Kremlin.

In Belgrade, Marshal Bulganin was clearly overshadowed by Khrushchev. He appeared reserved and pushed into the background by the bouncy, self-assured, garrulous party boss. But those who have had personal contact with both say that it would be wrong to underestimate Bulganin.

Khrushchev is an extrovert, endowed with a peasant's shrewdness and a political sense and ruthlessness and not much more.

Bulganin, on the other hand, is an introvert, a member of the intelligentsia from Nizni Novgorod, who made his political reputation as Mayor of Moscow.

On My Right . . .

KHUSHCHEV has a bold, direct approach, rather uncouth manners (when the Western Press belittled Khrushchev, one Yugoslav in Belgrade warned: "He may be acting like a samovar-salesman, but there is an atom bomb in the samovar") and a loud and bragging voice.

By contrast Bulganin has civil manners, a calm voice and a dignified appearance.

What his influence is compared to Khrushchev's no one knows. Most diplomats in Moscow think that Khrushchev is the more powerful, but not powerful enough to be a dictator. This week, Western leaders will have a chance of guessing the weight of Bulganin's cake.

Access to Mr. Dulles

IN Mr. Dulles's State Department there is no *emblème grise*, no outstanding individual, no outstanding influence. Mr. Dulles likes to make up his own mind and keep his subordinates guessing.

If there is anybody with some influence on Mr. Dulles in the American delegation to Geneva it is Robert Bowie, head of the planning staff, and Herman Phleger, the chief legal adviser. Perhaps the reason why Dulles has singled out these two men as his confidants is that, like himself, they are lawyers and speak his language.

Bowie was chief legal adviser to John McCloy when the latter was High Commissioner in Germany. Phleger came to the State Department from his law practice in San Francisco.

If the way to Mr. Dulles lies through this pair of discreet, capable, cool-headed men, it will not be an easy way to tread.

Lot-o-Fun

AFTER several false starts East Germany now has its own official comic paper named "Eulenspiegel" after the historical figure whose hoaxes brought him to a bad end. Though the level of its humour is well below even that of Soviet Russia's "Krokodil," its contributors earn fantastic incomes.

Because of the shortage of artists who dare to walk the tight-rope between humour and the secret police, regular contributors to "Eulenspiegel" earn up to £1,000 a month and are allowed private cars, big houses in East Berlin and servants.

In exchange they have to swallow "improvements" to their cartoons at the whim of the Central Editorial Committee. One artist recently opened the paper to

find that last-minute orders from the party had changed his smiling group of progressive workers into a herd of sneering capitalist war-mongers.

For East Germans whose thirst for humour is unslaked by "Eulenspiegel," there are eight comic weeklys which can be ordered through the post. They include one in Azerbaijan dialect. It has three subscribers.



Lord Disneyland

WALT DISNEY'S fantastic playground for children of all ages—Disneyland—opened last week near Hollywood.

It covers 160 acres, represents an investment of more than £6 million and is ready to handle 60,000 visitors a day at a dollar a time.

The cable from my representative who attended the opening is breathless that I have not the space to unravel it. So . . .

Here We Go!

" . . . transported from parking lot to main gate by elephant train boarded space-ship to moon armed with space-gun which kept by me on subsequent visit to darkest Africa in "Congo Queen" for potting crocodiles hippopotamuses giraffes reembarked on Mississippi stern-wheeler "Mark Twain" to frontierland infested with British colonists building log-cabins thence on horse-drawn tram car and in surrey with fringe on top to tomorrowland whence observed americana from space station travelling in orbit 500 miles above earth subsequently transferred to speed car on autopista highway of the future to adventureland where roamed mediaeval castle 100 feet high met sleeping beauty rode on king arthur's carrousel somehow transferred into fantasyland found myself in pirate galleon sailing through peter panland whence soared over londons never-never land and captain hooks hideaway thence rode stage-coach to the painted desert where chased by wild indians escaped into tahitian village where ogled by tropical sirens in paraus lava-lavas sarongs and sulus there met disney who said quote I wanted to give young of all ages a sort of magic kingdom to have past future and present before them unique I counted twenty-five restaurants buffeterias and snack bars and tried five of them . . ." (Cut. Ed.)

Stet

THE average reader will probably agree that the number of misprints in books has increased since the war and will have attributed

this rise in slipshoddy to the decline of craftsmanship which can be perceived in most manufactured articles.

The lower standard may, of course, be due to a reduction in the number of unfrocked priests and other intellectual malefactors who I had always understood found anonymous but honourable employment as proof-readers for our leading publishers.

Be that as it may, one thing is certain: authors are often as much to blame as publishers and printers and Messrs. Faber and Faber whose standards of book production have always been superb, have now issued to their authors a small handbook of notes on the preparation of MSS (no full stop, say Fabers) and the correction of proofs.

Faber authors, and any writer who can pass himself off as one, are fortunate. I particularly admire the dauntless line Fabers take with the sacred "Rules" of the Oxford University Press. "An L.C.C.," snarl Fabers, through set teeth "not a L.C.C."

Tragedy of Errors

INCIDENTALLY, I learn that the monopoly (in England and Wales) of printing the Authorised Version of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, which is shared by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge with the Queen's printers, Byre & Spottiswoode, originated in a tale of printers' errors.

When the Authorised Version was sponsored by James I, it was printed solely by the then King's printer, Robert Barker, who "possessed the MS copy of the Bible as it came from the translators." But both his first and second editions were shot through with printing errors, and Cambridge challenged his monopoly on the ground that "it was quite obvious that if the printing of Bibles were left to a printer uncontrolled by any learned body . . . the risk of degrading the work of the translators would be great."

So, when Cambridge's charter was renewed in 1628, it included permission to print Bible and Prayer Book, a privilege extended to Oxford in 1637. With those three immaculate publishers—Universities and Royal printer—the privilege remains today.

One for the Road

IT has been established that a long spell at the wheel of a closed car can result in a mild attack of carbon monoxide poisoning which can lead to aggravated fatigue, loss of concentration, temporary colour-blindness and sudden inexplicable bouts of road-hogging.

The Germans have an effective antidote. Many roadside and autobahn restaurants now offer their customers the amenity of an "oxygen bar," and a friend of mine who experimented with this service at Lüneburg tells me that for £s. 8d. he was given enough "carboxygen" (a mixture of oxygen and other chemicals, devised by the West German Institute of Bioclimatic Research) to clear his blood of carbon monoxide in ten minutes.

Summit Story

ACARRIER pigeon was winging across the Atlantic towards Washington.

Another carrier pigeon caught up with him

"What are you carrying?" asked the second pigeon.

"The Dulles communiqué from Geneva."

"Well, get a move on, because I've got the President's dental!"